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Title: Shadows

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Shrouded in darkness, the little halfling scurried along the damp passage. Eyes darting left, then right, he stepped from the shadow he was in and ran across to the other side of the passage. Clutching a scroll case to his chest, he patted his dagger in reassurance.

"I must get this to my sister in Neverwinter," the halfling said. "Nal must know."

Picking up his pace some more, he moved down the passage. He came upon a juncture in the passage. Looking left down the second passage he saw nothing. He turned right and saw nothing as well. He crouched low and sprinted across the juncture. His foot caught on a stone and he tripped. The halfling fell headlong into a puddle and was soaked. He laid still for what seemed like ages. When he felt that no one heard, he got up and checked his belongings.

"Good. The scroll is still intact" he said.

"As are you, morsel!"

The halfling looked up in horror as a drider reared back. As he fumbled to get out his dagger, the drider dropped down on

him. "Think that can hurt me?" the drider said. The Halfling stared into the face of the drider, paralyzed in fear.

"Think again..." Ebonstarr said as she drove her sword through the halfling's body. She lifted her sword, with the halfling still attached. He slid down the sword and she threw him against the wall. A sickening splat was heard down the passage. Ebonstarr wrapped her six back legs around the dead halfling and proceeded to spin a cocoon around him. She spied the scroll laying the water and picked it up.

"Nalynn...." She hissed.

Only something as momentous as Riklaun's return from the cottage could coax Brisid from his seclusion, as he fretted over recent romantic troubles. He agreed to accompany Nalynn and Riklaun on a casual jaunt through the realms. The three Elves laughed and fought the occasional skirmish as they wandered along, not paying much attention to their direction as they let Corellon guide them wherever he saw fit. So it was a surprise when they found themselves standing outside an abandoned building - the old Keep which once housed the Warriors of Peace, a guild long absent from the realms. It was a forlorn structure, suffering the ravages of time and weather.

"This is where you once lived, Nalynn, when first

we met." Whispered  
Riklaun.

Nalynn frowned as she  
gazed at the ruins --  
something about the place  
beckoned to her. A  
memory so long forgotten,  
that she couldn't quite  
grasp its substance. The  
two Elves watched as she  
mounted the steps and  
stepped through the  
entrance. Thieves had long  
ago broken through the  
door and plundered the  
fortress. Following her  
into the building, they  
watched as she inspected  
the place, running her  
hands over the fine but  
decaying woodwork, staring  
at the ruined tapestries  
and furniture. As if in a  
trance, she walked over  
to the stone fireplace,  
her fingers searching for  
something.

"Nalynn, you should be  
careful. This place is  
falling apart," Brisid  
admonished her.

Ignoring his comments, her  
hand came to rest on an  
oddly juttied stone which  
protruded ever so slightly  
out from the otherwise  
flush surface of the  
facade. She grasped the  
stone and pulled; the  
stone dislodged from the  
wall, revealing a dark  
hole. She reached in and  
removed a small book  
from its hiding place.  
Riklaun and Brisid walked  
up to inspect her  
treasure which had  
escaped the ravages of  
the past.

Opening the book, she saw  
handwriting - a delicate  
script, beautifully  
executed. "Why, it's a  
diary," she exclaimed. She

leafed through the book,  
then went back to the  
first page. There was an  
inscription. "To My  
Beloved Braldt on our  
Wedding Day, from your  
loving wife, Nalynn" it  
read. She paled  
momentarily as she reread  
those words.

Quickly scanning the first  
few pages, she said, "This  
appears to be a diary of  
events leading up to our  
marriage," she explained.  
"Perhaps now I will learn  
the story of our time  
together." She brushed  
off a chair and sat down.  
While Riklaun and Brisid  
continued to explore, she  
read on.

She read through the  
entries slowly, relishing  
the information this small  
book contained.

"I met you today. The  
most handsome, beautiful  
Elf ever to cross my  
path. Even as I sit here  
writing, your bluer than  
blue eyes haunt me. And I  
hear your voice, feel your  
presence, though we  
parted several hours ago."  
She went forward a few  
pages.

I've only known you a few  
weeks, I feel that you  
are the One for me. Who  
would have thought that  
an Elf would take such  
interest in a mere  
halfling such as I? Am I  
worthy of your  
attentions? I hope so, for  
I feel myself falling  
hopelessly in love. I ache  
when you aren't with me.  
My thoughts are  
constantly about you - I  
neglect my duties here  
among the Warriors of

Peace." A warm wind caressed her face, she started at its touch for it felt like a loving hand on her cheek.

"You took me to Triboar today. It was an arduous journey, my love. Do I dare say it? 'My Love'? You don't even know the depth of my feelings yet; I keep them hidden for I know not if you feel the same way. But here I sit, in my room at the Inn here in Triboar. You are in the room across the hall. How I long to knock on your door. To share your company and perhaps even your bed." She flushed as a memory deep in her heart swelled.

"After our rest in Triboar, you took me deep into the Neverwinter Woods. Again, the journey was perilous. In a beautiful glen, you knelt down and asked for my hand in marriage! My heart sings with a joy I've never known! You love me! And the ring you gave me as a token of our betrothal, it's so beautiful! The most precious gift I've ever owned. My love, (yes, I can say it openly now) you have made me so happy and proud."

She closed her eyes as the memories burst forth in waves of deep emotion. The tears were coming now, as the pain and happiness intermingled in her mind. She looked up as Riklaun and Brisid entered the room.

"Riklaun!" she cried "I remember it all now! Braldr, the wedding, my transformation. It's all as

clear as if it happened yesterday! And that witch Ebonstarr!" As she mentioned the drow's name, Nalynn's voice became darker. "She murdered my husband! She must be made to pay for her treachery and evil. She and all the minions of Lloth!"

Nalynn trembled with excitement as she read excerpts of her diary to the two Elves. When she finished she held up the fragile book. "This is a record of my previous life, mellonea. Now I understand everything."

"That is great, Nalynn!" said Brisid.

"Aye, I was worried you would never regain your memories, but now my fears are dispelled." He squeezed Nalynn in a tight hug. As they broke the embrace, a sparkle coming from the hole in the wall caught Nalynn's eye. She reached into the opening and gingerly pulled out a gold necklace. A large black gem hung on the chain, sparkling in the  
"Beautiful!" alynne,